

Coin Flip

by Mythril Moth

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Summary: Events can have different outcomes based on chance. A series of vignettes based on one event in various episodes of the show having a different outcome.

Coin Flip

****Author's Notes:****

Hello, readers! Here's a little something new I wanted to experiment with.

These are short little "what-if" scenarios, based on a single event in an episode of the show having a different outcome.

I may or may not write one of these for every single episode, but I do have at least a few of them in mind already. Since I'm not having these ideas in episode order, I'm not even bothering to post them in episode order.

This is just silliness and none of these will be expanded on past the drabble stage. Enjoy!

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><p>MIRACULOUS LADYBUG: "COIN FLIP"

by Mythril Moth

****L'Imposteur****

"Ugh, I have to go, I'm late!" Adrien cried as he stuffed his phone into his bag.

"But what about your voice mail?" Plagg asked. "It'll only take a second to check, and it could be important!"

Adrien frowned. "Well...I guess I won't be too late if I check..." Shrugging, he grabbed his phone and unlocked it, then went to his voice mail.

"You have one new message. First message."

"Hello, Adrien's voice mail! This is Marinette, who, uh, has a message! For you, of course, cause it's your phone! So...umm...ehh...callmeseeyoulaterbye!"

There was the sound of a phone being thrown across the room and clattering across a surface, followed by a groan that sounded like Alya. Then:

"What? What did you expect me to say? 'Hey, hot stuff, this is Marinette. I'd ask you on a date to the movie, but I've got such a crazy crush on you that the only way I can talk to you without foaming at the mouth is over this stupid phone.' Pretty ridiculous, right?"

Adrien's eyes grew progressively wider and his cheeks grew progressively redder as Marinette's obviously unintentional tirade went on and on.

Plagg raised an eyebrow. "Well. That was interesting."

"She called me hot stuff," Adrien mumbled.

"Hmm, so she did."

Adrien stood there staring at his phone for a long time.

"Aren't we going to be late?"

"Late?"

"You know, the statue dedication?"

"Oh." Adrien blinked, trying to unlock his brain. He slipped his phone into his pocket, transformed, and jumped out a window...just as Marinette snuck into the locker room, missing her by scant seconds.

* * *

><p>Marinette was curled up in a ball of misery on her chaise.<p>

The only thing that had gone right all day was the battle with Copycat. Everything else had been a disaster. Adrien's phone hadn't been in his locker, and he'd been nowhere in sight, meaning he'd probably heard that ridiculous message and now obviously thought she was an insane lunatic escaped from an asylum, out to boil his bunny rabbit and stick him in a hole and make him rub the lotion on his skin.

"I'm so, so doomed," she whined into the cavernous emptiness of her room.

There was a soft knock at her door. She didn't answer.

The door opened just a crack. An extra large pizza slid across the floor. She blinked at the sound of cardboard scraping on floor and looked over, curious.

Next, a couple of bags of chips slid into her room. Followed by a six-pack of sodas.

Then, a few DVD cases slid across the floor. By this point, Marinette's confusion was beginning to erode her despair, although she was certain the next thing to come out of the door would be Alya, and this was some kind of attempt at a comfort party.

Nothing could have prepared her for what happened next.

The door opened all the way, and Adrien climbed into the room, an awkward smile on his face, his cheeks pink.

"I, uhh...thought maybe we could have that date here," he said. "Not as many people around, we can just talk and enjoy ourselves, you know? I brought pizza, I brought some of my favorite movies..." He gave her a hopeful, sheepish grin.

Marinette's face flamed red. "Umm..."

Adrien started gathering up everything he'd brought and finding places to set it, then grabbed Marinette's computer chair and wheeled it over by the chaise. "I think I want to get to know the Marinette that left that voice mail, even if it was an accident," he said. "No more of this tongue-tied, shy, awkward, freaking out Marinette, okay?"

Marinette gulped. "Umm...I'll try?" she offered nervously.

"Good, because you're the only girl at school who's my type," Adrien said with a gentle smile.

Marinette felt her insides melt. "I-I am?"

Adrien laughed and took hold of her hands, pulling her to her feet as he rolled backwards. "Come on," he coaxed. "Movies, pizza, drinks...let's date."

Marinette felt a hopeful smile bloom on her face, and she nodded eagerly. "Yeah!"

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